

CRIMES COMMITTED IN THE NAME OF LOVE

A Strange Epidemic of Murders in New York City in Which Dan Cupid Plays the Leading Part.

That there is really an epidemic of crimes in the sacred name of love might well appear from the recent startling record of fatal tragedies, a large proportion of which have had their scenes in New York.

"I killed her because I thought she was not true to me," said Julius Hoffman, an attractive young waitress who was on duty at her uncle's lunch room, 821 Tenth avenue, and as she didn't reply he shot her down in cold blood, then turned the weapon on himself.

Thus, on the police blotter, within 24 hours two more murders were charged to the blind little god, Love. Why has Cupid traded his well-beloved and gentle weapons, the bow and arrow, for the more formidable revolver?

In the days when Love was young, and the simple life an actuality, not a theory, Cupid tipped his arrow with golden love-words and aimed it with a laugh. To-day, in New York, with its strange commingling of foreign elements, its nervous tension, its glittering pleasures and its appalling loneliness, Cupid oftentimes loads his newly acquired weapon with death-dealing bullets and sends them flying to the accompaniment of a groan or a curse. Within the past 12 months Love's hand has aimed more deadly weapons than Bacchus, or Greed, or Revenge, or Hatred, Race-hatred, sudden fury following on the heels of a business quarrel, these and all other causes must give Love precedence as the power behind the gun, the knife, the stiletto.

Just a year ago, in an obscure downtown hotel, Louis G. Hampton, a man of family, social and business standing, shot and killed first the woman he loved and then himself. The woman in the case was Victoria Tackew, a beautiful salesgirl in a department store. She was 32 years the junior of her wealthy and influential admirer, who was an official of the United States Trust company, of Wall street. She did not know he was married. She was waiting for the death of his aged mother to relieve him of certain domestic responsibilities and set him free to marry the girl he

told the man she no longer loved him—that she was leaving him forever. Three sharp reports, scurrying footsteps and bated breaths in the hallway without, and within—Cupid weeping over his deadly work.

November—and the Thanksgiving spirit abroad in the big, bustling city. But no such spirit in the heart of Giuseppe Figlia. Working with him in the same factory at No. 67 Spring street was beautiful Antoinette Maciocci, beautiful as an Italian woman is only at the age of 19. Figlia had loved and wooed her, had been one of many admirers treated with coquettish toleration by the belle of Carmine street and the Spring street factory, but in time all fell back in favor of Vincenzo Lavorec. The betrothal of the handsome couple was announced, their wedding day grew near—but with it came death. Antoinette, not content with her conquest, had later made fun of Figlia, and the simple life an actuality, not a theory, Cupid tipped his arrow with golden love-words and aimed it with a laugh. To-day, in New York, with its strange commingling of foreign elements, its nervous tension, its glittering pleasures and its appalling loneliness, Cupid oftentimes loads his newly acquired weapon with death-dealing bullets and sends them flying to the accompaniment of a groan or a curse. Within the past 12 months Love's hand has aimed more deadly weapons than Bacchus, or Greed, or Revenge, or Hatred, Race-hatred, sudden fury following on the heels of a business quarrel, these and all other causes must give Love precedence as the power behind the gun, the knife, the stiletto.

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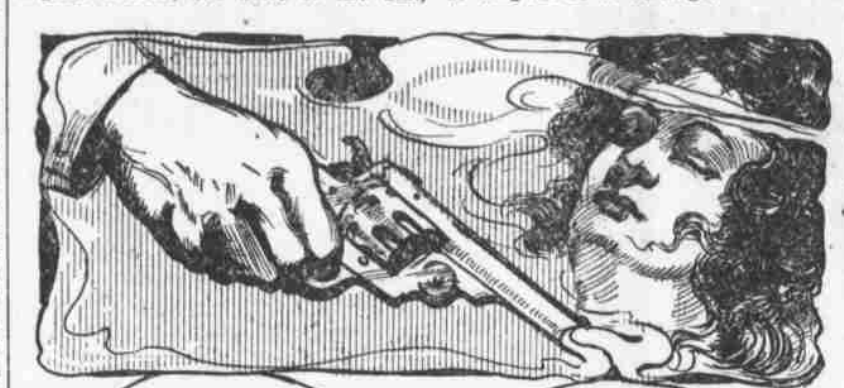
Five days later George Fallon, who ran a flower stand at Eighth-first street and Columbus avenue, shot and killed Mrs. Madeline Wiedman, the wife of his business neighbor, John Wiedman, a news dealer. Mrs. Wied-

man drew Mrs. Wiedman aside and again urged the unlawful love which she had often spurned, and, being spurned again, that love cried hoarsely: "I'm tired of this nonsense. I love you, and I'm going to have you."

Then again the fatal shot and another at Mrs. Wiedman's assistant, who came to her rescue, and still a third and a sharp knife at his own throat. Another tragedy in the name of Love had been written in New York's criminal annals.

In the early dawn of March 1 Ametillo Gallo, a young bride of Northern Little Italy, went a-running for the man who had stolen from him, at a dance in the New Star Casino, One Hundred and Seventh street and Lexington avenue, the belle of the ball,

ther found that the rumors were only too true and the engagement was broken off. The Crouses went to Ocean Grove, whither young Bissell followed. The two young people met on the street, and surreptitiously Bissell displayed a revolver and ordered the girl to accompany him to the pastorate of Rev. C. M. Griffin, pastor of the Ashbury Park Methodist church. In the middle of the service Miss Crouse began to scream, asking that she be protected from her too anxious lover. Whereupon, the clergyman, being strong of arm, pinioned the half-crazed youth, and Miss Crouse escaped to the bosom of her family. But the end was not yet, and friends of the family assert that Bissell should be confined, as the girl is not safe so long as he is at large.



The Clergyman Pinioned the Half Crazy Youth and Miss Crouse Escaped to Her Family.

Sandra Giovelli. But his rival shot first. Shots were almost as thick as Italian curses, and for the love of one girl Gallo died and six men were held as his assassins.

June 17, James Wardell and his wife, Laura, entered into a suicide pact, as the note found in their room proved: "As long as Laura is going to live with me she will never live with another. We are going to die together. Laura and Jim." But the woman shot herself first. The man missed his aim and then weakened. Broken marriage vows, quarrels patched up and then renewed, love one minute, hatred the next, death for the wife, suspicion, arrest and dishonor for the husband—and all in the name of Love!

"Three bullets for sweetheart and one for herself," is the tabloid form in which Marie Balas's tragedy was written on Independence day. Deceived and ruined by Henry Stern, a stranger in a strange land, and deserted by the man she had trusted, poor Marie Balas thus ended forever the new love dream in which Stern had lost all sense of honor and obligation to her.

On July 23 occurred one of the most sensational murders in New York's recent history. Miss Esther Norling discovered that Frank H. Warner, once her business employer, later her partner, was not worthy of her trust and love, and thrust him out of her life. Drunk-sold and believing that the girl, by her act, had separated him from the last hope of earthly happiness or all connection with a decent life, Warner shot and killed her in the very door of the store where she was employed as cashier, at No. 3 West Forty-second street. Then, blood-crazed, he dashed down town and killed a life-long friend, John C. Wilson, a millionaire hat manufacturer of Waverly place and Greene street, who was in the act of loaning the crazed man money.

A doughty and strong-armed minister of the gospel saved a young woman from a hated marriage and perhaps from actual death at Asbury Park on September 19. Belle Crouse, daughter of a Presbyterian minister at Stanhope, N. J., was engaged to Percy C. Bissell, a student at the state normal school, Trenton, N. J., when rumors reached her that her intended was a confirmed gambler. Her fa-

And last comes Julius Hoffman, married, formerly a lieutenant in the Austrian army, who for love and jealousy killed Draga Siegel. For he had given up wife, children and friends. Hoffman and his wife had come from Australia, bringing with them Draga, who had been an apprentice in Mrs. Hoffman's dressmaking establishment. In New York they all prospered until love, blind, irresponsible, unreasoning love, took a hand in the game. Mrs. Hoffman left her husband and Draga went to live with a family by the name of Lucas. Hoffman lived alone. Mrs. Hoffman brought suit against Draga Siegel, who in another year would come into an inheritance of \$100,000, for alienating her husband's affections; and Draga in turn brought suit for defamation of character. In the midst of this confusion jealousy and death appeared hand in hand. From Australia came some childhood friends of the pretty Draga. She did the honors of New York to her former playmates. Hoffman heard and armed himself for revenge. "I gave up everything, wife, family, standing, for love of you. You shall belong to no other man." Again the fatal shot. Again a woman pleading that she loved only the man whose hand held the smoking revolver. Again the rage-dimmed eyes that somehow regulate a fatally true aim. Again the rush of excited people, the clang of the ambulance bell, the shouts of officers driving back the curious throng—and another crime is laid at the door of poor, twentieth-century worn Cupid.

Seeking Refuge in England. Monks and nuns exiled from France by the recent laws are still seeking refuge in England in considerable numbers. Fifty nuns recently left Brest on board the Antelope and 160 brothers of Christian schools, who have been expelled from their institutions, are seeking a home in Jersey and England.

Unfermented Grape Juice. Stem six quarts of grapes, wash them, and put them over the fire with one quart of cold water. Bring slowly to the boil, boil up hard, and strain. Return the juice to the fire, bring again to the boil, bottle, and seal.

KANSAS LEADS IN ALFALFA. Western State Grows 750,000 Acres of Live Stock Rations. Kansas is unique in many things, but in none more than in the commanding position she occupies in relation to alfalfa growing. Her development in this industry has been one of the marvels of her prolific agriculture, and with alfalfa, as with winter wheat, no other state is her equal in its area and production. The alfalfa field of Kansas now approximates nearly three-quarters of a million acres, and but three cultivated crops exceed it in annual area, viz: wheat, corn and oats. In combination with these alfalfa furnishes Kansas in abundance with perhaps the best and cheapest rations anywhere available for the maintenance of their live stock, for the excellence of which they are famed. Kansas were among the foremost correctly to estimate its worth, and its widespread introduction in the Sunflower state has been one of the most important factors in increasing bank deposits and the per capita wealth.

The increase in its area in Kansas affords some although no adequate ideal of the growing appreciation in which the plant is held. It is 16 years since the crop was first thought of enough importance to chronicle its statistics, when the enumerators of the board of agriculture returned the area for the state as 34,834 acres. This year (1907) the area in alfalfa is 742,140 acres, or an increase of 20.7 per cent. over the area of 1906.

As a hay there is none so good for all kinds of live stock as alfalfa, and for horses and hogs it is a most invaluable food either as a hay, a molasses crop, or as pasture. As a meat-maker, milk-maker and money-maker it is equally prized, and as a renovator and improver of soils it has no competitor. —F. D. Coburn, Secretary Kansas Board of Agriculture.

Mrs. Stubbs (angrily)—The idea, John, of that man wanting \$5 to trim our hedge. Why, I think he is a regular hog!

Mr. Stubbs—Not a regular hog, Martha, I think he must be a hedgehog.

TEMPERANCE NOTES

ABSTINENCE IN ANTARCTIC.

Alcohol Left Out of Supplies for Exploring Expedition.

In a detailed account of an inspection of the outfit of the British Antarctic expedition made in London, in company with Lieut. Shackleton, the leader of the enterprise, a writer in the London Temperance Chronicle states that among the provisions to be carried by the expedition alcohol is conspicuously absent. After explaining the fine equipment of the Nimrod, the vessel which will carry the expedition and noting the scientific selection of provisions on her store list, the writer states: "But to us the most interesting point about the whole expedition is Lieut. Shackleton's firm determination to carry no alcohol, save a very little quantity indeed for strictly medical purposes, and to be administered by the medical officer alone, and that under the most exceptional circumstances only. Lieut. Shackleton knows well the danger resulting from the use of alcohol where the temperature drops from 60 to 70 degrees below zero, and follows in this wise precaution his great predecessor, Sir John Ross, who, in addition to his northern polar voyages, 75 years ago, sailed the same seas on the same quest as that of the Nimrod, and whose emphatic utterance after his memorable Arctic voyage of earlier days, was couched in the following terms: 'The most irresistible proof of the value of abstinence was when we abandoned our ship and were obliged to leave behind us all our wine and spirits. It was remarkable to observe how much stronger and more able the men were to do their work when they had nothing but water to drink.' In insuring the practice of strict abstinence among his men Lieut. Shackleton is but following the principle demonstrated by all previous expeditions in such expeditions that indulgence in alcohol is degrading to the highest physical efficiency of the men engaged, and a menace to the best interests of the entire undertaking."

"We Need the Money."

"We need the money, but so far as I am concerned, we don't need it and say he shall furnish it. We need the money, but we don't need it bad enough to snatch the bread from the women and children of the poor fellow who is so unfortunate as to have the drink habit. We need the money, but we don't need it bad enough to send the poor woman over the steaming wash tub, to wash dirty clothes to buy food for her children. We need the money, but we don't need it bad enough to take the shoes off the feet of children born in drunkards' homes. I want to say that you must take into consideration when you say 'We need the money'—you must take into consideration where the money comes from." —Rev. Grant A. Robbins, Marysville, Mo.

Drink Bill of Country.

The New York Tribune, one of the most conservative and reliable newspapers in the United States, says: "The drink bill of the United States is \$1,410,236,702. All the corn, wheat, rye, oats, barley, buckwheat and potatoes put together will not pay for it. The liquor traffic costs more each year than our whole civil service, our army, navy and congress, the river, harbor and pension bills; all we pay for local government; all national, state and county debts; and all the schools in the country. In fact, this government pays more for liquors than for every function of every kind of government."

Local Option in Texas.

Local option prevails in Texas. There are 147 counties that are absolutely dry, 55 are partially so, and only 47 are totally wet. Gov. Campbell writes: "Nearly all the dry territory has become so since 1903. The effect has been to greatly decrease the consumption of intoxicants. It has decreased the state revenue to a considerable extent, and has greatly decreased the amount of crime in the dry counties after the law has been in force enough to accomplish its legitimate results. The saving in court expenses from decrease in crime is believed to offset the loss of revenue from closing the saloons."

Saloons Out—Jails Empty.

The city of DeSmet, S. D., is under local option. But one man has been in the lockup since saloons went out and he did not get his liquor in DeSmet. There are no blind pigs, neither can liquor be bought at the drug stores without a doctor's prescription. Nor are the business men asking for the saloons, because they do not want to go back to the old order when so many dollars found their way into the saloon till instead of their own. DeSmet has not lost trade because of the closing of the saloons, as money spent there goes into legitimate channels.

Drink Leads to Divorce.

According to recent statistics, 87 per cent of the divorces requested during the past year in the state of New Jersey were because of drink. The moral, says the Baltimore American, is quite an old one, the girl who marries a man in the hope that she will reform him is likely to be seriously disappointed.

Ireland Saloon Burdened.

Ireland has a licensed drinking place for every 170 of the population. Each of these institutions is a poverty-producer and trouble-maker. Their abolition would greatly help to restore prosperity and peace to that much-disturbed country.

"Campaign of Education."

"United action by leading brewers of the United States against the spread of local option was taken at a secret meeting in Cincinnati. A campaign of education is needed." —Minneapolis Journal.

NO STAIN ON HIS RECORD.

That's Where the Driver Had the Best of the Preacher.

A New York clergyman, who often spends his vacation in fishing the streams of the Adirondacks, was on one trip adopted by a handsome setter dog, which insisted on following him from camp to camp, as he moved along the stream.

One day he met a party of men working upstream with a native guide. The guide immediately recognized the dog as his own property.

"Trying to steal my setter, are you?" he shouted at the clergyman. "I'll have you to jail for this! There's a law in the woods just as big as you have in the city."

The clergyman endeavored to explain that he was an unwilling companion of the dog, which had refused to be driven away, but to little effect until he added a two-dollar bill to his arguments.

"It's queer what strange things happen to a man up here," he said to the stage-driver who later carried him away from the woods. "That is the first time I was ever accused of stealing a dog."

"Yes, sir," replied the driver, sympathetically, and added, after a moment's pause, "For myself, sir, I have never been accused of stealing anything." —Youth's Companion.

WHEN MILESTONES CHEER.

They Always Gladden the Heart of the Pedestrian.

In a walking trip a milestone along the way is the most companionable fellow in the world; your spirits rise as you near him as though you were about to greet a human friend, and they keep almost consistently on his high level till his brother a mile distant advances to meet you.

And when you overlook one of this friendly company because of an encroaching bank or screening boughs, says the Travel Magazine, his neighbor further on comes to you doubly welcome. At the latter end of this passage in the journey your spirits find a trifle as though oppressed by a sense of desolation. You may even scowl at the overhanging bank which is more than a party to this concealment.

Those worthy persons who attend to the roads should see to it that every milestone within their province stands out frankly from its leafy background. Observance of this, however, would rob the wayfarer of that leap of the heart which is his when the stone tells the story of two miles done rather than one. For however much the landscape and the minute world at his feet may claim the footfarer's admiration he is still keenly alive to the virtue of decent distances covered in his day's journey.

A Whistler Criticism.

The late James McNeil Whistler was standing bareheaded in a hat shop, the clerk having taken his hat to another part of the shop for comparison. A man rushed in with his hat in his hand and supposing Whistler to be a clerk angrily confronted him.

"See here," he said, "This hat doesn't fit."

Whistler eyed the stranger from head to foot and then drew out: "Well, neither does your coat. What's more, if you'll pardon my saying so, I'll be hanged if I care much for the color of your trousers." —Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree in Everybody's.

Not to Be Wasted.

Ben Cary had near his house a swamp, which was a breeding-place for herds of man-eating mosquitoes. Some enterprising neighbors, who learned of the crude oil treatment, went to Ben and tried to persuade him to exterminate the pests. "Exterminate 'em!" said Ben. "Not much. Not much. Why, Mr. Cary, an I just paid \$32 for screening the side piazza that she's been pestering me about for years. How we goin' to get any good of it, if we kill off the skeeters?" —Youth's Companion.

No man is called to a life of self-denial for its own sake. It is in order to obtain a compensation which is real and always proportionate.—Drummond.

FIVE MONTHS IN HOSPITAL.

Discharged Because Doctors Could Not Cure.

Levi P. Brockway, S. Second Ave., Anoka, Minn., says: "After lying for five months in a hospital I was discharged as incurable, and given only six months to live. My heart was affected, I had smothering spells, and sometimes fell unconscious. I got so I couldn't use my arms, my eyesight was impaired and the kidney secretions were badly disordered. I was completely worn out and discouraged when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, but they went right to the cause of the trouble and did their work well. I have been feeling well ever since."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



IN LIFE'S BRIEF SPAN.

Experiences, Joys and Sorrows of the Human Existence.

The loves and friendships of individuals partake of the frail character of human life, and are brief and uncertain. The experience of a human life may be shortly summed up: A little loving and a good deal of sorrowing; some bright hopes and many bitter disappointments; some gorgeous Thursdays when the skies are bright and the heavens blue, when Providence, bending over us in blessings, glads the heart almost to madness; many dismal Fridays, when the smoke of torment bedclothes the mind and undying sorrows gnaw upon the heart; some high ambitions and many Waterloo defeats, until the heart becomes like a charnel house filled with dead affections, enshrouded in holy but sorrowful memories; and then the chord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken, the individual life—a cloud, a vapor, passes away.—Matthew Hale Carpenter.

SKIN SORE EIGHT YEARS.

Spent \$300 on Doctors and Remedies but Got No Relief—Cuticura Cures in a Week.

"Upon the limbs and between the toes my skin was rough and sore, and also sore under the arms, and I had to stay at home several times because of this affection. Up to a week or so ago I had tried many other remedies and several doctors, and spent about three hundred dollars, without any success, but this is to-day the seventh day that I have been using the Cuticura Remedies (costing a dollar and a half), which have cured me completely, so that I can again attend to my business. I went to work again to-night. I had been suffering for eight years and have now been cured by the Cuticura Remedies within a week. Fritz Hirschlauff, 24 Columbus Ave., New York, N. Y., March 29 and April 6, 1906."

Old Coins Discovered.

Workmen in demolishing the old smelter house of the first United States mint, on Seventh street, Philadelphia, have uncovered a number of relics of the early days of the republic. These relics consist of a number of foreign and domestic coins, dating as far back as 1793. Some of the interesting finds are a number of test coins that were experimented with by the officials in the olden times. These coins are similar to Chinese money, each containing a hole in the center that was filled with various kinds of metal to bring up the value of the coin.

Says It's Not So.

Report to the effect that electric lights are detrimental to the eyesight are pronounced unfounded by an electrical expert in the London Times. He says that the trouble arises from too direct exposure of the eye to the light, and that effect would be the same or worse with any other light.

Old Church.

The one thousandth anniversary of the founding of St. Peter's church, Chester, England, finds the structure in good condition, portions of it having been rebuilt in 1440 and 1673.



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FOR STIFFNESS, SORENESS, SPRAIN OR BRUISE, NOTHING IS BETTER THAN YOU CAN USE; LUMBAGO'S PAIN, RHEUMATIC TWINGE, YOUR BACK FEELS LIKE A RUSTY HINGE; SCIATICA ADHES ALL PLEASURES SPOIL; FOR HAPPINESS USE ST. JACOBS OIL.

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A WOMAN OF THE AUCTIONS.

She Makes a Living by Furnishing Flats and Selling Out.

There is a handsome, smartly-gowned woman who may be seen almost any day in the auction rooms of this city. She has secured a comfortable income for herself by a novel vocation. She sells out furnished flats.

Usually she selects an apartment for which unfurnished she pays from \$25 to \$45, and this she furnishes completely with things picked up cheap at auctions. She supplies kitchen utensils, tableware and linen and sufficient ornaments and hangings to give the apartment the appearance of having been lived in.

When the flat is cosy looking she inserts an advertisement in some paper stating that "A lady, called suddenly abroad, will sell the entire contents of her newly furnished apartment at a great sacrifice to people willing to rent same."

The woman disposes of the furnishings of the flat at a price that appears

to be a sacrifice, but which represents a profit for her. When a satisfactory purchaser is not forthcoming she sometimes sublets a flat, receiving \$40 a month for one which she rents for \$25.

"I am constantly buying rugs and furnishings which experience has taught me will fit into the average flat," she says, "and I have most of the necessary things collected when I rent an apartment."

"This enables me to choose wall-papers that will go nicely with the rugs and curtains intended for each room—a point which I never fail to insist upon, for some of my best patrons are teachers and art students, who think a great deal about harmony in color schemes."

"Sometimes I may buy a really good chair or table which needs only polishing or a fresh cover to make it look as good as new, for I have grown expert at doing little jobs of that kind myself, and they cost me almost nothing. But I never allow a single shabby or worn looking object to be seen in one of my apartments, for every body in New York fights any of that."